

THE OREAD.

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THE OREAD.

MOUNT CARROLL, ILLINOIS.

FEBRUARY, 1869.

With the opening of the New Year, we issue the first number of the Oread. It will be a sheet of sixteen pages, published monthly, under the direction of the members of the Oread Society, and its columns will be open to contributions not only from the present class of students, but from such of the former pupils as may choose to communicate with us. While our prominent design is the intellectual improvement of the pupils, our aim shall also be to furnish profitable and entertaining reading matter for all.

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FINANCIAL MANAGER,

Mount Carroll Seminary,
MOUNT CARROLL, ILLINOIS.

RYMES FOR RE-UNION.

BY LEBRIX LUNT.

Read Before The Reunion Society at its Last Annual Meeting.

Awake, my muse, inspire my pen,
Of late, a slumber thou hast been:
Thy skill, again I come to test,
In measure such as suits thee best.
Wondrous or simple, grave or gay,
The theme be as thou wilt, to-day.
And if some bubbling critic ear,
With ever tuned and ready ear,
Gets up a snarl at our expense,
And says our rhymes lack common sense,
We'll let him sneer, for nonsense e'en,
Is oft approved by wisest men.
So, while the pen my fingers wreaths,
Inspire his points with thine that breathes.
Thus twice invoked my dormant muse

To do my bidding could but choose,
And forthwith o'er the spotless sheet,
My pen began, in numbers sweet,
To sing of sun and summer rain,
That bring the world to life again,
Of nature's choir in happy time.
Among the leafy bowers of June;
Of friends, who then would joyous greet,
And 'mid old happy scenes would meet
To welcome back with cheer and glee,
The Students' festal Jubilee.

In fancy, then, there seemed to rise
A scene like this before my eyes.
In fancy then I seemed to hear
Such words as these fall on my ear.

Out from the busy paths of life,
With pain or pleasure ever rife,
We come and lay our cares aside
And back into the old days glide,
Remembering all the hopes and aims,
The dreams of glory or of fame
Which fired our young ambition's zeal,
And in the distance seemed so real.
But very swift youth's phantoms fled;
The dreams are vanished now, and dead,
While every earnest, upright aim,
From promises to fruitage came,
And bro't a richer meed than fame.

Here, mingling with us in the throng,
Is many a grave committee-man,
Who yearly came to take his part,
And terrified the student's heart.
We trembled lest some luckless case
Might suddenly depart its place,
In English, Greek or Latin coiled,
For which we patiently had toiled;
Or some refractory x or z
Minus would read, when plus it should be.
These things, in retrospect the while,
Only excite a passing smile,
For now we prove these dreaded men
Are not themselves infallible.

Some were not here to join the song,
As glad the measure floated on.
But o'er the intervening space,
Which veils from us their form and face,
We'll clasp their hands and pledge anew,
The sacred league of Union true.
Two faces, welcoming and kind,
As hither turning, aye, we find,
Two hearts, whose patient love of old,
In rhymes like these cannot be told.
We feel it all, so often tried
In our wild waywardness or pride.

Now Summer skies are shining clear,
As in our lives, as in the year.
The fitful April showers are past,
But ah! the sunny days fly fast.
And Autumn soon in hill and dell,
His stories, weird and sad, shall tell.
Yet sweetest memories we may find,
Among the things of Nature, shrined.
The tints, that mark the glowing West,
When day has sunk to peaceful rest,
Are memories of morn and noon,
And pleasant afterthoughts of June
Are lingering in the golden mist,
By which October's hills are kiss'd.
And, tho' life's Autumn, too, shall come,
Or Winter shroud as in its gloom.

Remorseless Time shall never cheat
Our souls of all their beauty, sweet.
Like sunset clouds and mellow haze,
Shall come the charm of other days.
Constant and faithful to her trust,
From out forgetfulness and dust,
Memory shall wrest some vision bright,
Complete with all the old delight.
To these loved halls, she oft will stray,
Review the vision of to day,
Rejoin the song, reclasp the hand,
And number o'er the Student band.
For oh! she hath a wondrous power,
Appealing to us every hour.
Some book or name, some leaf or tree,
A language speaks, "Remember me."

We met at morn with greeting gay,
To night the sad Good Bye we say,
And go our separate ways,—Ah, when
Shall we, as now, meet here again?
Never! Amid the festal cheer,
Which crowns this day from year to year,
Some faces always must be miss'd,
While new ones come to fill the list.
Here I may never meet you more;
But on that blessed shining shore,
May we together swell the song,
That to the Heavenly choir belongs.
Palms in their hands the ransomed bear,
Who walk on the holy highway there.
The beautiful River is shining clear,
And beyond, the City seems very near.
Through its pearly gates may we enter in,
Never again to sigh or sin.
In that beautiful City there comes no night,
For God, the Father, giveth them light.

"Aunt Em's" Experiences.

CONTINUED.

"The eventful day arrived; I dressed myself in my travelling suit at noon, and made other needful preparations; but on my way to school I met my brave admirer who said that, on mature deliberation, it seemed best to him that we should take our flight at night, or, late in the evening, he added, thinking that I might object to the plan. He was mistaken. My only thought being, foolish girl that I was, 'it is not moonlight.' Yet I could reconcile myself to that lack in the romantic element, as the night promised to be clear and star-light.

"The hours of that day seemed each a day. Mingled with my pleasurable excitement, were many

vague misgivings; and, at the tea-table, I was really conscience-smitten, when father inquired so tenderly about my health, saying that he feared from the flush on my cheeks that I was studying too hard.

"By the way, Emma," he said, in conclusion, "I hear that Charles Rich calls here frequently. He is not such a man as I should choose for my daughter's society, and I hope you will give him to understand that his visits are not acceptable."

"If my cheeks were flushed before, it seemed then as if they were aflame. As soon as possible, I escaped to my room, whither mother followed me, fearing that I was ill. She left something for my head, which had commenced aching severely, and advised me to retire early. As soon as she had gone I lay down to wait the half-dreaded, longed for hour of eleven."

"At ten I heard father going his nightly rounds, to see that all the doors were secure, and soon after the house was perfectly quiet."

"A friend of Mr. Rich's was to meet me at the door and conduct me to the carriage, a block distant. My chief anxiety now was to keep awake that I might hear his signal whistle. To be so sleepy on the eve of an elopement was not carrying out the programme at all as my heroines would have done, and this led me to doubt whether I would make a good heroine after all, and to wish that Mr. Rich was on one of the South Sea Islands."

"The clock struck eleven. It sounded like a funeral knell, but I arose, put on my bonnet and shawl, then waited for the signal whistle. I soon heard it, or fancied that I did, and, with trembling steps, went down stairs, unlocked the door, and looked out.

"A man was sitting at the foot of the steps, who spoke my name in a low tone. Without a word, I went down the steps and took his proffered arm. I was thoroughly frightened, and felt strongly inclined to leave the stranger, notwithstanding he was Mr. Rich's friend, and return to the house. Then, I remembered that the door could not be opened from the outside, and, yielding to my fate, was half led, half carried to the carriage where Mr. Rich was waiting with some impatience."

"We drove very rapidly, which alarmed me very much, as the night was dark and cloudy, in spite of my anticipations of star-light. I expostulated, and Mr. Rich told me gruffly to 'keep still.' From his manner, I feared that he was intoxicated, and gave up all hope of safety, for the stranger had left us, or rather, we had left him when we started. You can imagine how I would feel under such circumstances."

"After leaving the city, we had no light at all. On, on, in the darkness we flew. The rapid motion and my terror almost took away my breath; I thought I was going to faint when, suddenly—a terrible shock—and I knew no more until I found myself sitting at the foot of the stairs in the front hall. My traveling dress was unfastened as when I lay down, and my head was aching harder than ever from my rapid and novel descent of the stairs which was better, after all, than that ride in Dream land."

"Father and mother, hearing the noise, came to my assistance.—Their suspicions were not aroused, as they thought I had fallen asleep early in the evening, without undressing, and then had indulged in

a bit of somnambulism, which, in fact, was the case."

"What time was it?" asked Carrie.

"Not quite ten. What I fancied to be father's going about to fasten the doors, or see that they were secure, must have been his coming in from the store at night. The medicine that mother left for my head was a nervine, and served to put me to sleep."

"To say that I was very thankful that my foolish, wicked plan was thwarted would not express a shadow of the happy, grateful feeling with which I leaped away into slumber in my own dear room, under the influence of a second dose of nervine, and the mesmeric touches of mothers' hand upon my forehead."

"In the meantime," said Carrie, "what became of poor Mr. Rich? He has all my sympathy now."

"He was very much annoyed and vexed of course, and called the next evening, to inquire the reason of my non-appearance. I gave a full account of my dream, and told him that I regarded it as a warning to us both which I, at least, could not disregard. At this he was very angry, and spoke in so ungentlemanly a way that I excused myself from the room, and asked father to go in. He dismissed the discomfited man in as summary a manner as was consistent with his habitual courtesy."

"I felt that I ought to confess the wrong doing which I had intended, but dread of their displeasure caused me to defer doing so until some vague rumor concerning it came to father's ears."

"Mr. Rich, probably, had circulated the report, knowing that it would disgrace me more than it would him. Father took me into

the parlor, and questioned me as to the truth of the story which he had heard. I made a full confession, received his reproof with unfeigned docility, and thereafter the subject was never mentioned."

"I didn't know anything about it," said Mrs. Clinton. "I remember that I used to think Mr. Rich was a very handsome gentleman, and wondered if I should ever have such a beau. I knew of your walking in your sleep, and falling down stairs, but never suspected you of intending an elopement."

"I have never told the circumstance until this evening, but Carrie called me to account for being an old maid," replied Miss Freer, smiling.

"You are not through, I hope," Carrie said in a disappointed tone.

"Oh, no! after Mr. Rich's dismissal, I resumed my school duties with new interest, and for two years pursued the 'even tenor of my way.' I was still fond of society, excitement, and novel-reading; though, remembering Dr. Lathrop's censure, I eschewed 'yellow-covered literature.' Were the novel but bound in cloth or morocco, its contents were swallowed unquestioningly. Fortunately, however, the demands of school and society did not give me much time for that worse than useless reading.

"When nineteen I met Mr. Laurie, the son of an old friend of father's in Scotland. He was a lawyer, and had come directly from his Scottish home to our city, to establish a practice there. He had the national characteristics; a straightforward openness and honesty and that true nobility of character and mien which seems to flourish best in the clear bracing air among the hills. His form was

rather slight; his hair a soft brown, neither dark nor light, his forehead broad and white, features clearly cut, and earnest, kindly blue eyes."

"Why, Aunt Em! I believe you are in love with him now," Carrie exclaimed.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Manners and Other Matters.

A Word to School Girls.

Read before the "Student's Reunion Society" at its last Annual Meeting.

"Tell me, my Lord Chamberlain, in what garments I shall appear before the King," said a youth unacquainted with the pageants of royalty, when about to be introduced to the Grand Seigneur.

"Let simplicity without meanness, and a due regard to ornament without ostentation, characterize thy attire," replied the Lord Chamberlain. "One garment, however, is indispensable. That thou must have, in order to gain our royal sovereign's favor."

"Ah! what is that? If money can purchase it, it shall be mine."

"Money cannot buy this garment, young man, and yet it is far more precious than a robe of Tyrian purple, brodered with pearls."

"And what may be this most excellent garment?"

"It is *good manners*," was the reply.

And *good manners* is indeed a royal garment, fitting its possessor for entrance into any presence on earth. Without this, fine dress, wealth and high position, genius, and learning are at a discount. The great Doctor Samuel Johnson, though elevated by intellect and profound learning, far above most men of his day, was so boorish and uncouth in his manners, as to be hardly admissible to refined society. That, by no means per-

fect model of true ladyhood or manhood, Mrs. Sinclair, disgusted all cultivated people, by her frequent use of slang, and her silly, pretensions and vulgar manners; while as mistress of the White-House, she was, by courtesy, the first lady of the nation.

And, speaking of slang phrases, we must pronounce their use, as flagrant a breach of good manners, as can be found. As school-girls and boys are much given to this fault, let us dwell upon it at some length. This habit, though coarse and vulgar enough in young men and boys, in young ladies, is truly outrageous and intolerable. No breach of manners, so lowers a lady in the eyes of refined people, as the use of slang. It is all important that, in youth, we should accustom ourselves to correct and elegant modes of expression. For early habits cling to us through life.

These slang phrases, when analyzed, have no sense, and less wit. Why is it not just as well to say, "pray, be quiet," as "*now, you dry up?*" Is there any particular smartness or brilliancy in substituting for the simple phrase, "he has left town" the slang expressions, "cut sticks, absquatulated, sloped?" When two persons have married, is there no better way of stating that fact, than by saying that they have "*got spliced?*"

Is "*kickd the bucket,*" a refined circumlocution for expressing death, that most momentous event in human history?—What sense, or wit, or humor, is there in such phrases, as "Oh, get out!" "all in your eye"—"can't see it"? Is there no refined adverb which will just as forcibly express your idea, as "*like a thousand of brick?*" Is there no sensible clause which will

vividly describe, a pleasant, even ecstatic state of affairs, as that exceedingly silly one: "All is lovely, and the goose hangs high." Why not as well say a person is "unreliable", as that "he won't do to tie to?" What hidden, fathomless depths of meaning, lurk in those two monosyllables, in such frequent use, as an answer to civil questions: "YOU BET?" What is there so much better in the new slang word "*nobby*," than in the old words, pretty and stylish?

Many young ladies think to add piquancy and brilliancy to their discourse, by the use of slang phrases, and most girls are guilty of wild exaggerations of language, which though not so coarse as slang, are still bad enough.

Who of you, young ladies and misses, does not every day of her life get "tired almost to death", she "shall die sure," or really is "just about dead?" Who of you when slightly cold is not "freezing to death," or if somewhat warm, is not burning up?" Who does not constantly characterize the most common objects as perfectly splendid, absolutely horrid, or truly awful! Who does not, when expressing her likings and dislikings, her wonders and surprises, indulge occasionally in such an expletive as, "Oh my!", "Goodness!", "Gracious!", "Sakes alive!", "O Lordy!", "Jerushal!", "Jemimal!", "Jerusalem!"

Young ladies addicted to the use of slang phrases, and these wild extravagancies of language, are usually loud talkers. These habits make American girls the objects of much criticism in Europe, now that so many of our country women are traveling there. The Europeans say, that the Yankee girls are very charming until they

open their mouths; then, the charm straightway vanishes.

These bold, loud, boisterous young women, are beings pleasing neither to gods nor men, and when, for such manners, they barter the sweet simplicity, and winning modesty, which is the true birth-right of young maidenhood, they make a poor exchange indeed.

No one likes a stiff, prudish, old womanish, young girl. We counsel you to be no such *lulus nature* as this. Youth is the time for innocent mirth, and happiness without alloy. Then, the present is free from care, and the future lies stretched before us, like some enchanted land. In that beautiful season, when age has not chilled the joyous flow of youthful blood, when sorrow and disappointment have left no trace upon heart and brow, let us seek to enjoy every guileless pleasure offered us, imitating in this respect, all the youthful beings of God's creation.

*"Joyez, chantez, soyez l'enfant,
Toyez la fleur, soyez l'aurore,"*

says Victor Hugo, in some beautiful lines written to a young girl.

"Rejoice O, young man in thy youth!" says King Solomon, and, surely, youth is a time for rejoicing. But such are the artificial modes of dress and manner now prevalent in the world, that few young girls enjoy life as they should. The more time they pass out of doors, drinking in health, strength and beauty from God's pure air and life-giving sunshine, so much the better. Any sensible person would rather see a young girl the veriest romp and hoyden on earth, than one of these sickly, hot-house flowers of society. How much more charming is a young lady of natural manners, and in some simple dress which will give full play to the muscles,

than one of these silly devotees of fashion, tricked out in the last devices of French mantua-making and millinery! It was out of doors, that Harriet Hosmer acquired her vigorous health. It was from nature, that she learned her art.

We yield to none in our admiration of tasteful and becoming attire, but, an excess of ornament, out of place on any one, is particularly so in the dress of young girls. Costly jewelry and expensive fabrics are not for the young. The French, who make dress a study, recognize this fact, and the young girls of France are the most simply and yet most tastefully dressed of any in the world. Neatness is the first requisite in a young lady's dress.

That the dress be suitable and becoming to its wearer, is the next. Let unity in style and harmony of color be preserved throughout. The French accuse the American ladies of making themselves walking rainbows. We have seen young ladies invest so much in a bonnet, that they could not afford anything suitable to wear with it, and, with a fine dress, we have often seen an incongruous bonnet, shabby gloves and shoes. There is no necessity for young girls wearing expensive clothes. Light, tasteful, inexpensive fabrics are prettier and more suitable; but, whatever they wear, let a due harmony and fitness of things be preserved. A critical observer will soonest notice whether a young lady's hair is nicely arranged, the teeth and nails properly attended to, the color, cuffs, handkerchief &c., scrupulously clean. Without strict attention to such details as these, no amount of money, can make a lady well dressed.

Self-consciousness, is a great

fault in the manners of most young ladies, and nothing so much conduces to awkwardness and restraint. To wear fine clothes and not seem to be aware of it, to walk the streets, or appear in any assembly without a haunting idea that every eye is upon them, are arts to which very few attain. Hence, come nervous twitchings of the fingers, movements of the hands and feet, tossing of the head, uncomfortable positions of the body, and uneasy swayings to and fro. Hold up your heads, girls, and keep still, even if it be martyrdom for you to do so. All that is required of you is to divest yourself of the idea that every body is looking at you, to enter so heartily into what is going on around you as to ignore self—simple, unobtrusive and natural manners, pass current everywhere. Bashfulness of manner, is by no means so great a fault as boldness; the one may pain, but the other is sure to disgust all refined people.

That very back-woody habit of *chewing gum* is so much in vogue among school-girls, that it must not be passed by in silence. It is a habit exceedingly offensive to refined tastes, and we would say to girls, if you *must* chew gum, be sure not to do so in public. We have seen young ladies who made considerable pretension to good breeding, chew gum on the street, at parties, in school and even in church!

The frequent practice of cutting acquaintances on the street, is mean, cowardly and vulgar; and no person worthy of the name of lady, will be guilty of such a thing. When we refuse to recognise any respectable person, because, forsooth, he or she does

not belong to our "set," it shows that we are members of that set only on sufferance, and, are in constant fear lest by some word or act, we may forfeit that position it has cost us so much pains to win. People of assured position in the world, have no such fears. If you can assert your consequence or superiority in no better way than this, we pity you. A snob, male or female, is weak, narrow-minded, cowardly and despicable.

After all that can be said upon this subject, the basis of good manners is kindness of heart. It is a forgetfulness of self, a regard for the comfort and happiness of others. No true lady or gentleman, will intentionally wound the feelings of any one. Without genuine kindness and purity of heart, all the outside graces of manner are of little worth.

Good manners must pervade the whole life. They are not like our best garments, to be put on for special occasions; or, like our French china, to be kept only for company. One set of manners for those we consider socially our equals; another for those we choose to deem our inferiors, will never do. Duty, as well as policy, forbids this. In a country like ours, where the humblest may rise to the highest stations, and the highest may sink to the lowest, it is hardly wise to fawn around the great and rich ones of to-day, and treat the lowly ones with supercilious contempt. To-morrow, the tables may be turned.

Five years ago, I knew a very worthy lady who was snubbed, and socially ignored by the would-be magnates of the little city where she resided. This was for no reason, save that her means

did not permit her to dress fashionably, and live in style. That lady was and is the wife of Ulysses S. Grant, and it is really amusing to witness the frantic attempts of those who most slighted her *then*, to gain her favor now.

Christ, our great exemplar, in his Golden Rule has laid down the best possible precept for good manners.

If we search carefully the sacred volume, we shall see that it is full of rules for our guidance in this respect.

Hear what the greatest of the apostles says in the twelfth chapter of the book of Romans.

"Let love be without dissimulation. Abhor that which is evil; cleave to that which is good. Be kindly affectionate one to another. Mind not high things, but condescend to men of low estate. Be not wise in your own conceits. Recompense to no man evil for evil. As much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all."

CLARA V. SHAW,

Minneapolis, Minn.

CLOUDS.

How varied in form and appearance are those visible masses of vapor suspended between heaven and earth; and how restless they are, seeming to have an idea that they do not appear to the best possible advantage, hence, are continually changing their position from one side of the heavens to the other.

Look at Cirrus, sometimes called curl-cloud, and by sailors Cat-tail, (not a very enviable name you think,) she determining not to be excelled by her neighbors, soars higher and higher until she occupies a position in the atmosphere not attainable by any other member of the Cloud family.

So great is her elevation, that her appearance is that of a mere hair or white feather.

As a reward for her success in gaining so elevated a position, she is acknowledged as one of the highest members of the Cloud family.

The office which she holds is that of indicating the changes of the weather; yet being very short lived her superiority over her neighbors is enjoyed but for a brief time.

Again, look at Cumulus, she performs most of her labors in the summer season.

She seems to be a genius in architecture and all the mechanical arts.

If you have ever closely observed her movements on a pleasant summer evening, perhaps you have noticed how, by the aid of Sol, her one vast mass of cloud is transformed, as though by magic, into a mighty city, from behind whose lofty spires and domes the sun looks with an encouraging smile on yonder distant part of the city, and surrounding hills and mountains.

If we scan closely we may also discern the rude hut which she has here and there placed on adjacent hills, while on yonder mountain may be seen a throne, which she has erected and upon it placed a mighty giant to rule with tyrannical sway over all these, her extensive domains.

That she should show so little judgment in the selection of a ruler very much displeases Sol who, to show his displeasure, withdraws his presence, passes behind the horizon, and refuses all further aid. The city with her domes and spires vanishes, the giant is disenthroned and all is darkness.

Cumulus, who prided herself on the perfect and beautiful city which she had so quickly founded, seeing it thus suddenly demolished, is seized with a fit of anger, changes from the poor being she once was to that of Numulus, and with low mutterings of anger, and threatenings of vengeance, slowly advances until extending over the whole heavens, she gives vent to her wrath in one vast flood of tears.

THE INDIAN'S REVENGE.

Near the head waters of the Mississippi, was the summer home of the Mohawks. There, on the shores of a lake whose blue waters danced and sparkled in the sunlight, lived the beautiful Winona. Her hair was dark as the raven's wing; and, as the wind's invisible fingers toyed with it in sportive glee, it rippled in shining waves over her shoulders. She was loved for her winning ways and kind words, almost as much as her stern father was feared.

But Wapakonetta was growing old, and he knew that soon his tribe would be left without a chief. This could not be detected in the keen, eagle glance, nor in the noble form; but he no more joined the great hunting parties, and felt that before many moons, he must leave his loved hunting grounds, for the spirit land. But who would then care for his child, his pride, Winona? One had sued for the hand of the Indian maiden, but she spurning his caresses, he had carried his suit to her father, who received him kindly.

Young Eagle had long been admired for his bravery by the aged Wapakonetta, who felt that he alone was worthy to become the chief of the tribe; but to Winona, he was loathsome in the extreme. His deeds had often chilled her tender heart, and the scalps suspended

from his belt, showed the cruelty of his nature. One afternoon, near the close of a summer day, Wapakonetta called Winona to his side, and told her his wishes for her future. She, true to her own heart, refused to obey his wishes. Finding her so determined, he grew very angry, and said:

"No more of this trifling. You shall be the bride of Young Eagle at the Feast of the New Corn; therefore make ready your wedding garments, and conduct yourself as should the daughter of a brave.—You may refuse a father, but you dare not disobey a Chief."

Poor Winona! She was terrified and almost heartbroken, for well she knew that an ignominious death awaited her if she dared disobey the cruel mandate. Desiring to be alone, she left her father's wigwam, and, taking a small skiff, quietly rowed into the middle of the lake, to a little gem of an island, which lay upon its bosom, a perfect bower of greenness.

This was Winona's favorite retreat, and she reached it in safety, just as the last rays of the setting sun, tinted the trees and opposite hills with crimson and gold.

It fell upon Winona, gleamed among the rippling waves of her hair, and was then absorbed by their intense blackness. A beautiful picture made this Indian girl—and more beautiful, because unconscious of her charms—as she stood on the green grass of the shore with the dark foliage stretching far away behind her, and on either side the bright waters—with her deep, thoughtful eye turned toward her home, and her wealth of hair tossing in the evening breeze, while the last rays of the sun lingered in warm tints on forest, hill and lake.

Still standing, busy with her own

thoughts of love and fear, she was startled by a rustling in the branches, and, suddenly, Cassonket stood before her. He was a brave of another tribe, but well known to Winona, for he had once saved her from a terrible death. While rambing in search of wild flowers, she was attacked by a huge panther, and nothing but the keen arrow from Cassonket's bow, preserved the life of the frightened girl. She had seen him since, for their Chiefs had smoked the calumet, and the young warrior, Cassonket, had met around their council fires.

It is not strange that she had often watched for his coming. His bravery and evident admiration for herself, had won her young heart, and Winona was his soul's ideal.—He ever hovered near her, and now had come to ask her to leave her father and her people, and go with him. With a heavy heart, she told him of his rival and her sorrow.—The young warrior's brow grew dark, as with clenched hand and glistening eye, he vowed vengeance deep and dire against him whom he had already learned to hate.

An arrow came whizzing through the air, but fell harmless at the feet of Winona. It was followed by the form of Young Eagle, who, with tomahawk in hand, sprang at the throat of his enemy. A fierce struggle ensued, when Cassonket, by his superior height, forced his rival to the ground, then, whispering to Winona, "Meet me here one moon from to-night," he sprang into the water and swam rapidly toward the opposite shore. Young Eagle soon recovered himself, and sent arrow after arrow toward his hated rival; but they glanced upon the surface of the water, never injuring the brave Cassonket.

Winona left the island, and, reaching her father's wigwam, lay

down upon her couch to rest. Before long she heard her father's voice, and another's that sent back the warm blood chilled to her heart. They were conversing in a low tone, but the partition of deerskin failed to keep out the sound. With bitter words, Young Eagle recounted the adventure of the evening. Wapakonetta listened to his story, and taunted him with the great undertaking of scalping his enemy. The hatchet must be unburied; they had been injured, and it must hastily be shown.

Young Eagle, his whole frame shaking with wrath, vowed there, before the Great Spirit, to go, and not return 'till the scalp of Cassonket hung from his belt. Wapakonetta told him to go.

Winona, lying there, helpless as an infant, felt the deep meaning of his muttered vow, as she heard his retreating steps.

Life was no longer a pleasure to her. Wherever she turned, other steps followed her. She was no longer the free, glad, forest maiden. Still she went about her accustomed duties, smiled upon her aged father, and strove to make his life happy.

The time for the feast was drawing nigh, yet Young Eagle had not returned, and hope once more lived in Winona's heart, when, on the eve of the great day, she heard the shrill whistle, known too well, and saw a warrior returning. Her heart stood still,—it was Young Eagle, and in his hand was a fresh, bleeding scalp, while his face gleamed with an unholy light. Winona's heart would have felt much lighter had she known her lover was uninjured; but his twin brother—his other self—while sleeping beneath a tree, had been most cruelly murdered by Young Eagle.

Wapakonetta embraced him as

his son, while he fell at the feet of Winona. She was unable to speak, as her father kissed her brow, and told her that to-morrow's sunset would make her Young Eagle's bride; but she felt in her heart that she should be the bride of Death. She hastened away to hide her fast falling tears, and sought her sleepless couch. She arose with the sun; fresh strength seeming to have been given her, and arrayed herself in her bridal robes.

Already had the festivities of the day commenced, and before the sun was high in the heavens, the forest aisles rang with the wild shout and song. Among the guests, the gentle Winona went to and fro seemingly participating in the joys; but with an agonized heart under the calm exterior. Her father's eyes followed her graceful figure with pride, while Young Eagle gloried in the thought that he had gained the long-sought prize.

Rapidly the hours flew by, and the sun was nearing the western horizon, the signal for her sacrifice, when, with swift, eager step, she sped away, and soon stood upon a rocky ledge overhanging the waters of the Mississippi. But Young Eagle observed her flight, and swiftly followed. As he came near the ledge, he saw her standing, in all her fresh, young beauty, with one arm extended to her home, and her eye raised to heaven, poised on one dainty foot to take the fearful leap, which would free her from all human power.

Lo! springing from the forest, Cassonket stood by her side. A wild, shrill cry rang from her lips, while a warwhoop from Young Eagle echoed through the valley.—Startled, the braves, with Wapakonetta at their head, started in wild confusion for the spot, but just as the eye of the father could discern his daughter, one hurl of Cas-

sonkett's hatchet cleaved the head of Young Eagle, and with a look of deepest love, Cassonket threw his arm around his spirit bride, and together they plunged into the deep, dark waters.

FIRST SNOW FLAKES.

An hour or two has passed since the first flakes of snow began to fall. Slowly at first they came down, melting away on the door steps, or losing themselves in the yellow grass; but now they are moving faster, and between here and the town, nothing is seen but a white floating mass.

The roof of the church is covered, and out on the door step is spread a soft mat of fleece. The old dog is making his way across the yard, seeming to wonder at the earth's strange covering, and how he shall best express his delight.

The fury of the storm is now passed. Slowly, gently, fall the feathery pearl drops, descending lovingly upon the lap of old "Mother Earth," covering all unsightly objects; resting upon the leafless branches till they bend beneath their weight; lying like a feathery barrier upon the fence tops; folding in beauty every tiny bush and fluttering leaf left by the autumn winds.

O, snowflakes! I can almost think, as I see ye descending slowly from the blue dome—large, pure, and beautiful, that ye are the fairies of my childhood's fancy, or still better, bright spirits from the home of the blest; pure thoughts from a world of light.

Slowly they come quivering downward one by one. The night darkens, the wind rises, and as we draw the curtains, and gather around the cheerful fire, the prayer

rises to our lips:

God pity to-night, Earth's homeless children.

PROGRESS OF AMERICAN CHROMO-LITHOGRAPHY.

MR. PRANG is rapidly increasing his business, and improving his beautiful art. He has begun his contemplated "Gallery of American Painters," in which he proposes to produce at least one characteristic picture by each of our eminent artists. He has already published several landscapes by Britcher, several groups of chickens and the like, by Tait; several fruit pieces by Lily M. Spencer, and Miss V. Granberry, of New York; a couple of *genre* pictures by Niles, of Boston; a series of Ruggles "gems" in oil colors, besides a great variety of illuminated texts and cards, by Miss Jennie Lee, of Jersey, and cartoons and lithographs by Mr. Homer and others.

He has now in active preparation "A New England Winter Landscape," by the late Mr Morveiller, of Malden; a figure piece, "The Barefooted Boy," by Eastman Johnson; "Easter Morning," by Mrs. Theresa Hart, wife of James Hart, the landscape painter; two brilliant pictures of children in the woods, "The May Queen," and "The Little Rognie," by Mrs. S. G. Brown; "The Shipwreck of Steerforth," by Morgan; "The Friends," by Giraud; "The White Mountains in October," by Mr. Geo. L. Brown; "The Bay of New York," by the same artist; "The Falls of the Yo Semite," by Bierstadt; two fruit pieces, by S. W. Fuller; "Cherries and Basket," by Mrs. Granberry; and besides these, he has a number of other compositions on the easels, of distinguished New York painters. Tait is hard at work on his favorite subjects. We are not at liberty to name the paintings by foreign artists that are to be chromoed as rapidly as possible, because in the absence of an international copyright law, fine art publishers are liable to the same annoyances which are now experienced by the publishers of foreign books.

The "Winter Landscape," by Morveiller, is a picture as essentially New Englandish—if we may coin the word—as pumpkin pie or Thanksgiving. Morveiller made a speciality of winter scenes; and was admitted to be the best painter of snow in America. This is one of the best of his small pieces. It represents an old farm house by the roadside, with

its inevitable L's and out houses; grandma in the yard engaged in feeding poultry; a group of skaters on a frozen stream hard by, with spectators looking on at the sport: in the distance, the village, which is hidden by the trees on its out-skirts. A grand old elm, under whose wide spreading branches the house is built, is rendered with wonderful fidelity and spirit, and the apple tree, on the other side of the road seems to have been photographed from every homestead in Massachusetts away from the great iron thoroughfares. The picture is a pleasant one, for it has a warm, cheerful glow—such as every one delights in, on "fine mornings" in winter, when the snow lies deep, and the sleigh-bells are ringing merrily on every road.

The "Falls of the Yo Semite" is a characteristic bit of California scenery, in Bierstadt's well known style. It represents a bright sunset on a lonely lake, whose solitude is disturbed only by a pair of water fowl that hover over and rest on the rocks at the shore. Abrupt, steep and rugged cliffs, over a part of which tumbles headlong, a graceful waterfall, from the southern boundary of the lake, and a fringe of gigantic branchless fir trees skirt the northern shore. It is careful study after nature, and every touch is Bierstadtish.

The "Barefooted Boy" is a true artist's rendering of Whittier's familiar lines:—

"Blessings on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy with cheeks of tan;
With thy turned up pantaloons
And thy merry whistled tunes;
With thy red lip, redder still
Kissed by strawberries on the hill;
With sunshine on the hill
Through thy torn brims jaunty grace;
From my heart I give the joy—
I was once a barefoot boy!
Prince thou art—the grown up man
Only is a Republican.
Let the million dollared ride;
Barefoot trudging at his side,
Thou hast more than he can buy
In the reach of ear and eye.—
Outward sunshine, inward joys,
Blessings on thee, barefoot boy!"

It represents a comely rustic lad, clad in coarse homespun dress, with his trousers turned up, his hands in his pockets, and the brightest of "knowing" yet innocent smiles on his face and in his eyes. His face is half shaded by his broad-brimmed hat, his feet are firmly planted on a grey rock; he looks so hopeful, so self-reliant, so entirely at his ease, that he seems the perfect incarnation of Young America. The accessories of this picture are a distant landscape, with a tree in the middle and foreground. They are well handled, but they serve only to support the figure,

which is one of the best pieces that Mr. Johnson has ever produced.

The "Fringed Gentian," after Newman, is one of those fearfully and wonderfully elaborate and truthful representations of vegetable life, in which the pre-Raphaelite school of artists of New York and elsewhere, seem to delight. It is in water colors. It looks as if it had been drawn with the aid of a microscope—the most Lilliputian details are so exactly reproduced. It is one of the most difficult subjects to chromo, and we shall take an interest in examining the result.

Among the fruit pieces in press, judging from the original, we prefer the "Cherries" and "Strawberries," of Miss Granberry, which are certainly admirably rendered, with a fidelity to nature. Mr. Fuller's pieces are highly finished, and harmonious in color, but it strikes us that the subjects are less likely to be universally popular.

The "Friends," by Giraud,—we forgot to name it in our list,—is the picture of a little girl who is petting a New Foundland dog. Giraud has an excellent faculty for the conception and execution of this class of subjects, and this is one of his happiest efforts. It will charm the children everywhere. In an entirely different style, but of the same character, are the companion pictures by J. G. Brown, of New York. This young artist excels in genre pictures; he renders children with a rare ability; especially where there is a single figure at rest, but in an attitude expressive of mental action. These subjects—the "May Queen" and the "Little Rogue"—are just suited to his peculiar genius. The "May Queen" is a little girl in the woods, brilliantly attired, self-adorned with wild flowers, bathed in sunlight, her eyes beaming delight at the thought of surprising her friends by her new and gay decorations. The "Little Rogue" is the picture of a boy, four or five years old, who is trying to hide himself from somebody coming—which somebody he is evidently intending to startle. He is stooping under a sumac bush, which he gently bends over him. This gives the artist an opportunity for a brilliant piece of coloring. It is autumn, and the declining sun shoots through the misty atmosphere, brightening the gay hues of the sumac leaves and warming up the surroundings of the figure, which are rather cold and low in tone. The two pictures contrast finely; the clear, bright summer glow of

spring—in the "May Queen"—being harmoniously offset against the dreamy, misty, autumnal vapors of the "Little Rogue." Mr. Brown regards these pictures as his masterpieces.

"Easter Morning," by Mrs. Hart, is a massive marble cross, hung around with fuchsias, pansies, yellow roses, and other exquisitely tinted flowers. It is a combination entirely novel, peculiar and lovely. We have seldom seen an effect so original produced by a combination of such simple and familiar elements. There is an affluence of quiet beauty in the wreath that is essentially harmonious with Easter and its sacred memories. It is altogether charming. If there is a single flaw in it we have failed to detect it. As far as the chromo has gone it bids fair to rival the original; but we reserve our judgment upon it until it is completed, we know only that if it is at all comparable to the exquisite painting, it will soon be one of the most common ornaments of our boudoirs, vestries, Sunday Schools and libraries.

The last painting on our list was handed in as we were taking notes of the new publications. It is a small reproduction of "The Crown of New England"—a painting which, both in England and America has secured for Mr. George L. Brown some of the highest encomiums from artists and art critics, which American productions have ever obtained. Glowing, poetically truthful, full of brilliancy and light and beauty, it represents the White Mountains when they are seen to the best advantage—when, as the portrait painters say, they are in their "highest moments"—transfigured under the early morning sunburst of a late October day. The original on a large scale is on exhibition at the Art Gallery of Child & Co., where it has been visited and admired by thousands of our wealthiest and best educated citizens. If this beautiful creation, this lyric on canvas, can be reproduced in fac simile, it will mark an epoch in the art; for the vapors and mists that encircle the mountain sides, the subtle gradations of light and shade, and the marvelous blending of colors and tints render it exceedingly difficult to imitate or duplicate.

It is gratifying to know that the popular demand for pictures is almost in the exact ratio of their artis-

tic excellence. Every touch of nature, whether on canvas or in chromo, is instantly recognized and applauded. The best things sell best; no reputation avails against the fact as it is. "Ruggles' gems" have not paid expenses; whereas Tait's groups go off with amazing rapidity. Of Britcher's pictures, on the other hand, "The White Mountains" and "Esopus Creek" and "Sawyer's Pond" (a little gem) and one or two others have a steady and rapid sale, while some others do not move off at all. The people have a truer taste than they generally have been credited with in the critical doomsday book. It is a faith in this instinctive taste that has borne Mr. Prang on to the rare good fortune that has rewarded his efforts.

Thoroughness.

Is it true, that whatever is worth doing, is worth doing well? What shall we say of small matters?—admissible trifles?—the tying of a knot?—the arranging of one's dress?—the shaping of a sentence that accomplishes its purpose by being uttered? What is it to do such things well?

Must a glass bead, in order to be well made, be accurately cut and polished? Must wood cuts give place to steel engravings? Are not some things done well by being done cheaply, slightly? Ah, then the maxim must mean that such things should be done slightly. Only let them have their own excellence, being so done as best to accomplish their end, at an expense not beyond their value.

The making of toys for children requires no small expenditure of money, of time, of skill. Is the value produced, worth the expenditure? If it were not so esteemed, who would be willing to continue the making?—Yet the wheelbarrow well made for use on the bricks and in the sand will still differ from the wheelbarrow well made for the play room and the carpeted floor. The toy well made for the two-years' old, will differ from the toy well made for the seven years' old, or for the fashion-worshipper of still more advanced years.

Education, too, has its toys, its trifles. Are educational toys worth the making? If so, let them be made well. Let them not cost too much; too much of time; of life. Let not

the making of them, nor the use of them, supplant more substantial benefits. If they may contribute to wholesome gratification, to the full, happy development of the human mind in its various susceptibilities and powers, then let them have their portion of attention. Gilding may be better for some uses, than solid, heavy gold.

Yet, with all these allowances, most persons who act thoughtfully, would choose some other employment, rather than toy-making, or the use of toys; some better occupation than to be made into toys, or to live for show, or for temporary gratifications. Especially in the work of education, of intellectual development, of personal cultivation and preparation for the employments and experiences of anticipated years, a judicious selection of studies and pursuits, and a faithful, thorough, persevering use of the selection made, can scarcely be over estimated.

K.

Divine Greatness.

"God is great." Before time began, this song rang from the lips of hosts before the great white throne, and still it is echoed and re-echoed by spirits of the redeemed.

God is great. He is great in His existence. He is the *Eternal One*, the *Immortal*. Who can comprehend Immortality? Who can picture to his mind its boundaries, or fathom its depths? Consider the primeval forests that spread over vast America; count their autumn leaves, millions of millions; then go forth and view the midnight heavens, and to the number of the leaves, add that of the starry hosts; thence go to ocean's breast and enumerate every drop reposing there; then cross Africa's burning sand, gather each grain, let none be lost; add these to the

leaves, the stars, the ocean's drops; then, if in this multitude of multitudes each unit were a million centuries, all would be but a transient flash, compared with the ever-enduring blaze of Immortality. Eternity can be measured and filled by God alone.

God is great, not only in His existence, but in all his attributes. With Him nothing is impossible. All things sprung into being by His word. As in the plagues of Egypt, He can raise vast armies from His smallest creatures, contemptible in the sight of man, but in the Divine hand how dreadful. At the last day, He will raise the hosts of the redeemed. Their dust now is scattered, but He can gather it. If we would be added to that blessed company, we must learn to whisper "*Jesus*," who, in that day will be our only refuge.

God is great, in his plan of mercy, and will succeed, for when we remember who He is, who and how numerous are His "hosts" can there be any doubt of the issue?

He is great in His forbearance. When we think of the nature of sin, and what a flood of corruption is daily sweeping over the earth, can we help wondering at his forbearance? When we consider the number without His camp, that are warring against Him and His cause; that still have His blessings showered upon them; who, if they repent, even at the *eleventh* hour, receive an inheritance with His only begotten Son, is it strange that we marvel at his mercy?

He is great in wisdom. Words of *earthly* wisdom have been likened to "grains of diamond sand, upon the radiant floor of heaven, rising in sunny dust behind the chariot of God." But read *His* word. To what, then, can *that* be liken-

ed? Verily, it is of God, infinite, and shall it be expounded by the finite, or likened to it? Well, said a sage of earth, "O, mortal know thyself," but better far is the wisdom of heaven. "O, man, learn now thy God." Learn of God, then shalt thou know thyself.

But sweetest thought of all, He is great in *love*. Even our trials and temptations are sent in love. It needs repeated strokes of the hammer to break the rock; so it requires repeated strokes of anguish to break our hearts and make us better. The spirits of men are as trees that strike their roots deeper and firmer, by reason of the storm; as stars that shine brightest in the darkest night; as silver, the hotter it is heated the purer it becomes. He tries us as silver is tried, that our lives and conduct may reflect His image; and as the camomile, which

"trampled on,
Doth still more richly bloom,
And even to its bitterest foe
Gives forth its sweet perfume.
The rose that's crushed and shattered
Doth on the breeze bestow,
A fairer scent, that further goes,
Even for the cruel blow."

The temptation of Christ followed close upon His baptism; so the Christian often finds his hours of spiritual enjoyment followed by the most severe temptation to sin. He who spared not His own Son, spares not a disciple. All are subject to these assaults of Satan, unless it be those who are led captive at his will, or those who have fought the good fight, only waiting till their jewels are numbered, and set in their crown. Christ having been tempted knows how to succor those who are tempted, and those who have come up out of great tribulation, shall wash and make white their robes in the blood of the Lamb.

There is a valley green and sun-

ny. It is called Life. There are adders in the grass; pitfalls under the flowers, and the ground is cracked and slippery. Thousands and tens of thousands are moving across it. Many are faint and weary; they stumble often and fall, yet move on unresting toward the dark and sullen River of Death. Midway in the water stands a giant fisher; men call him Destiny. In his hand he holds many lines. I follow them with my eye and notice each leads to one among the multitude. This is the reason why they rest not in their way. He draws the myriads along, till many, from weariness, are eager to plunge into the stream. Some emerge on the opposite bank, a calm and peaceful shore. A hum rises like the murmuring of joy, now breaks into rapturous strains of melody. 'Tis the praise of the redeemed in the bright and heavenly land of rest. So, spirits tried and afflicted here, will find a rest prepared for them from the foundation of the world. 'Tis *God* in the greatness of His love, that has prepared this rest.

We may talk of Him, and dwell on His attributes, and yet we know nothing of him, save that He is the Eternal, the Infinite, essential one in three, essential three in one, great in mystery, "past finding out."

An Adventure.

Night was falling fast, and before I was aware that I had wandered so far away from my home, the stars were shining, and all nature was still.

"Where am I?" I said. I was not aware that I had spoken aloud, till I heard the words repeated.—

Was any person in that vast forest but myself? I spoke again: "Is any one mocking me?" and again I heard my own words repeated.

I shuddered with fear as I turned to see who was there; but all seemed to sleep. An awful silence reigned. I sat down, deciding to stay there till morning, when I could find my way back to the village.—No sound broke the stillness, save the rustle of a falling leaf, or the chirp of some lost bird for its mate. The god of sleep soon cast his drowsy mantle over me, and yielding to his influence, I gathered a bed of dry leaves, and was soon lost to all things external.

I was awakened by a shriek that chilled my blood. I listened, and again I heard the same strange sound. Oh! how terribly it rang through the stillness of the night!

What was it? The war-whoop of the Indians, or the call of some fierce beast of prey? I was determined to find out what it was, if it lay in my power; so, arising, I proceeded in the direction from which it came.

I had gone but a short distance, when I reached a stream. As the moon threw her beams on its calm surface, it looked like a vein of gleaming silver in its native bed. On the opposite side were rocks, piled high and dark, covered with shrubs and vines; but the banks on which I stood sloped gradually to the water's edge. I sat down and listened attentively, but my anxious ear could catch no sound save the low, sweet murmur of the water as it rippled over the stones farther down the stream. I noticed that a tree had fallen from the opposite side, and its long leafless branches bent forward till they touched the shore on which I sat.

As I was trying to think what that wild, unearthly sound which I had heard, could be, I was filled

with new terror, occasioned by the remembrance of a story told me, of a cave, in those high dark rocks, where a band of robbers had made their home. Who knew but that the party had just returned, and the cry that still chilled my blood, was their wild burst of revelry?

Nerved with strange impulse, I arose from the stump on which I sat, and with cautious steps proceeded toward the fallen tree. As I stepped upon it, my heart sank within me, at the thought of going heedlessly into a den of robbers; but, "I will not be such a coward," I said; and, with trembling step, proceeded. I reached the rocks in safety; then cautiously pushing the bushes aside, saw, to my horror, the cave. My first impulse was to retrace my steps; but, on second thought, I determined to enter. I had taken but one step inside the horrible cavern, when again I heard that shriek.

My hair is now streaked with silver; but I have never told the adventure of that long-to-be remembered night.

You have already guessed, no doubt, that my *first* fright was caused by the *echo* of my own voice;—but the *second*! Can you nerve yourself to bear the shock, when I tell you it was the shrill whistle of the engine as it crossed the bridge at the village?

"Number One."

Some people speak of self-love, self-conceit, and in fact, everything pertaining to Number One, in such anathematizing tones and applaud so highly, what they are pleased to call unselfishness, that *one almost feels* as if all of the Ten Commandments, had been broken, or the whole catalogue of deadly sins committed every time the thoughts are allowed to revert to self.

But are they not mistaken? Does not the most harm result from the opposite course?

Let us consider. Is not the cause of gossip and slander traceable to Dame Rumor's forgetfulness of self, and great interest in her neighbor's affairs? Certainly. Who can doubt, then, that we ought to take much interest in ourselves, and but little in others?

On the whole, *I* think you will always find it best to look out for Number One. Don't worry about other people's business; for, if you give to your own, the attention it requires, you will find your time fully occupied. You are, of course, expected to take such measures as are for your own good, regardless of your neighbor's gain or loss; so, if your butcher, baker, or wood-chopper, chance to bring in their bills before you are ready, pray don't worry, but take your time about answering their demands.

Always put down your name for five dollars, more or less, when a subscription paper for the minister's benefit, is handed you. Of course, you will pay it, if it is convenient to do so; if not, just send around a squash or cabbage-head; vegetables are scarce, now-a-days, and the minister would, no doubt, be glad to get either. If it don't prove to be extra good, no matter, he can give it to the cow, —she'll eat it.

Thanksgiving and Christmas dinners are generally expensive; endeavor, on such occasions, to secure an invitation out. You'll find it quite a saving to yourself.

If you wish to attend a ball, and your wife has a headache, and can't accompany you, pray, don't let so slight a circumstance deprive you of so much pleasure; go, by all means. So much the better,

in fact, for then there will be no danger of being lectured for flirting with pretty Mrs. Jones. That lady may get berated by her lord and master, on your account, but then *that* is of no consequence to *you*. But remember to tell your wife, you are going to the club. — Better for her to be jealous of the club, than of Mrs. Jones.

Do as you please generally, and never fall into the meek habit of consulting the wishes of any person. If the meek portion of mankind are willing to say little *I*, and big *YOU*, let them; but for *you*, take care of Number One.

Something about a Chair.

Now do not anticipate that I am going to tell you about one which my great, great grandfather presented to my grand mother on her wedding day, and which has since been kept in the family as an heir-loom; and, how, one rainy afternoon last summer, having nothing better to do, I went up into the garret, and chanced to discover it, all covered with dust and cobwebs; then, rushing hastily down stairs, frantically implored some one to tell me its history, which, of course, to be in keeping with the rest, should be a very romantic love story.

Oh, no, I can assure you, if there had been such a large piece of furniture in *our* garret, I should have found it out, and known its history *long* before last summer.

Instead, I have only to tell you of a little high chair.

Five years ago, I had a dear baby brother, named Charley. Of course, in our partial eyes, he was just the cutest, cunningest darling that ever lived; and no sooner was he able to sit alone than father was petitioned to buy for him a high chair. Accordingly, one evening, on going to the supper table what was our surprise and delight, to find one placed for him—painted black, with green roses in the back-seat, and foot-board.

We, children, thought it a wonderful piece of furniture, by far exceeding in beauty, any other article in the house. How joyous we were when Charlie was able to sit alone in it at the table for the first time!

After a while, of course, it became an old story with all but its owner. When our pet had once learned that it was his own especial property, he grew very selfish about it. No sooner was a baby brought into the house, than Charlie would run, climb into his high chair, to make sure of its not being occupied by the young visitor. If, by chance, any one did sit down in it, baby's fingers pulled at him and baby's language informed him that "Charlie wanted his chair."

Another baby occupies it now, but, on the foot-board, some of the green roses are obliterated by the marks of Charlie's restless feet.

The green sod has long since hid him from our view; but the little, high chair still seems like a sacred, never to be forgotten memorial of the departed one.

Wonder—When a young man is clerk in a warehouse or bank; smokes fine cigars; drinks nice brandy; attends theatres, balls, and dresses like a prince; does he do it all upon the income of a clerk?

Wonder—When a young lady sits in the parlor all day, with her lily-white fingers covered with rings, singing, "Who will care for Mother now," is not her mother in the kitchen, doing the scrubbing and general work?

Wonder—When a young lady laces her waist a third smaller than nature made it, does it not make her miserable, and shorten her life some dozen years or so?

Wonder—When a young man is dependent upon his labor for his income, and marries a fine lady, who does not know how to make a loaf of bread or mend a garment, is he endowed with the usual amount of common sense?

Wonder—Does it always happen by accident that some people leave their pocket-books at home, when they go to church or a missionary meeting?

THE OREAD.

MOUNT CARROLL, ILLINOIS:
FEBRUARY, 1869.Editorial Committee for the February
Number of "The Oread."—o—
Miss MEDORA LAMBERTSON,
" ALICE BRIGGS,
" MARY BAGG.
—o—Address all Communications to Financial
Manager of The Oread.

ONWARD AND UPWARD.

"Onward and upward" we have taken for our motto; and there is at present no reason to fear that our path will ever lead us in another direction. Every thing wears an encouraging look. Our former patrons again extend to us a helping hand, and many new ones give us the friendly welcome which we seek.

Numerous and valuable exchanges have already been received, forming a choice collection for the "Student's Reading Room." The interest in our Society seems constantly increasing. At our last meeting the music and essays were highly entertaining, and the topic for the evening's conversation discussed with animation. Each meeting of the Society seems an improvement on the last.

With so much to encourage us, we hope and expect to be able to say the same of each issue of The Oread. Our patrons cannot fail to notice the improvement of our present issue upon the last. The new "Head," better quality of paper, and increased size, all combine to give it a neater and more attractive appearance, and enhance its value.

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

The subscription price of "Arthur's Home Magazine" is \$2 per year. We will furnish it, together with "The Oread," to new subscribers, for \$2.50 per year.

OUR EXCHANGES.

We are truly grateful to our "brethren of the press" for their cheerful and liberal response to our "Please X." Our Reading Room is becoming a truly attractive feature. While we feast upon the good things thus furnished us, be assured we shall not forget our obligations to you. Every periodical of real merit will assuredly advertise itself successfully in a public Reading Room of this kind. While we shall cheerfully remember you to the public through the OREAD, you may have the satisfaction of knowing you are helping the cause of education and at the same time making many friends you would not otherwise reach, who will be zealous workers for you, when they leave this place and are widely scattered over this, and adjoining States.

MANUAL LABOR FOR STUDENTS.

A valuable feature in the MOUNT CARROLL SEMINARY is the opportunity here offered a limited number of students to pay a portion of their expenses by labor. To those needing pecuniary aid, this is indeed a privilege. The time for labor is so arranged that it shall not interfere with study or recitation hours. They keep an account of the time employed and are paid by the hour therefor, the price varying with the kind of labor and faithfulness of the laborer. Students wishing to secure an opportunity of this kind must apply some time in advance, or prior to their entering, as there are so many candidates for the places, all cannot be accommodated at once. From four to six young men are received into the family under the same provision and allowed the privileges of the school. *Worthy* young men wishing to educate themselves, may well regard this as a choice oppor-

tunity. *None but steady, industrious, faithful ones*, bearing unquestionable testimonials, will be received. For further particulars address the Principals.

SERENADE.

The serenaders are taking advantage of the pleasant weather and lovely moonlight evenings. We were recently awakened from our slumbers by the sound of music which impressed us with the belief that, in our dreams, we had wandered into fairy land, and were listening to the revelry of the invisible elves. We would express our thanks for the musical treat.

"SANTA CLAUS."

In the notice concerning Santa Clans' generosity to various members of our household, no mention was made of the valuable and highly appreciated gifts presented to Miss McDaniels by her Music Class.

Santa Clans will please accept our apology for the omission.

WORDS OF CHEER.

We give below a letter from an old student, S. F. Aspinwall. He is now established in the practice of Law in the City of Freeport. Being also engaged in an extensive land business, in company with Mr. Taylor, they started the "Freeport News," as a medium for advertising their own business. Eminent success seems to attend these gentlemen, both as Attorneys, and as Editors and Publishers.

It is truly gratifying to know that the old students recall their stay here with so much pleasure and that their interest continues unabated, as evinced by the cordial, heart warm greeting to "The Oread," and cheerful response to the "Please X." We say it is cheering to us, young aspirants after

Editorial honors; it is also doubly cheering to the Principals to know that those for whom they have labored as teachers, are now occupying honorable and influential positions, and that amid the "busy cares of life", and the responsibilities of mature years, they still cherish the recollection of their *Alma-Mater*—that a greeting from her halls can give a "heart cheer" to the soldier on the "tented field" and to the business man engaged in the "warfare of life." Many such a "heart cheer" may it be the mission of "The Oread" to give to other of the old students, as they welcome it to their homes.

Collection and Law Office of
Taylor & Aspinwall,
Freeport Ill., January 30th 1869. }

Mrs. F. A. W. SHIMER—

Dear Madam: This morning we received the initial number of The Oread marked for an exchange. Certainly, most gladly will we exchange! It brings up memories of the past—the old love for those days which are ever green in our hearts. We remember when in old Virginia battling for the Union, our heart was cheered by receiving from a friend a number of the Seminary Bell; and this morning another heart cheer has been ours. We extend to the Oread our hearty congratulations and with them wishes of success—that success which knows no waning. We shall look with eagerness for its monthly greeting and read with interest all contributions therein;—will remember our first efforts as a writer and afterward as Editor, and of the many reminders of our success in striving to give our readers those articles of interest and benefit, it was our lot to pen weekly. Thinking of this we shall look upon the efforts of your pupils as but the beginning of a brilliant and meritorious career in the busy scenes of life.

May the future of the Oread be as prosperous as the success of the Institution from which it emanates has been steady and fortunate.

Yours in the cause of
intellectual advancement.

S. F. ASPINWALL.

PERSONAL.

Individuals, who make teaching a life-work, find a large share of their reward in the consciousness of preparing the youth for future

usefulness. With parental solicitude, they follow the little boy and girl till they become physically, intellectually and morally, strong men and women, and as such, go out into the world to battle with life.

Our hearts are often cheered by tidings from those for whom we labored long years since. Some, who as pupils chafed under wholesome restraint, find, in after years, that those restraints were the means of developing their hidden powers, and of preparing them to combat, successfully, with life's stern realities.

Other instances come before us, who cheerfully complied with any regulation that had in view the general good. We, invariably, hear "good tidings" from this class.

A few weeks since an interesting letter was received from H. H. C. MILLER. After completing a course at the Seminary, he graduated at the Michigan University, and he is now Principal of a High School in Channahon, Will county. Although he is teaching Latin, German, and Higher Mathematics, we were truly gratified to learn from his letter that he does not look with indifference on those branches which lie at the very foundation of a scholastic education. He writes thus: "I found my pupils wholly unacquainted with Intellectual Arithmetic, and I formed two classes immediately, of which I take charge myself, as I consider it a very important study. When I look back on my course of study, I can point to no one text book that benefitted me more than the one named above. It is the key to all mathematical study;" and, he might have added, if properly taught the key to all other. He occupies a trying and laborious po-

sition, but his natural adaptability and dignity of character, will enable him to succeed, where many others would fail. Success to his efforts.

A letter from H. K. VICKROY informs us that he is engaged in his favorite employment—the care of Fruit and Ornamental trees. He is settled for life, doubtless, as at the close of his letter, he says, "Mrs. V. joins me in assurance of kind regard." His manly deportment and strict integrity, won our confidence when a pupil, and these same traits of character are, no doubt, the secret of his success in his business.

JUDSON CLARK, too, writes from his home in Iowa. His letter was full of interest. He seems to possess fine business talents, and if he is as gentlemanly and kind in his family as when a pupil with us, he has a happy home. From this letter, we learn of FRED. THORN. He, too, is settled in life and has a home in Minnesota.—More than ten years have gone since they were here as pupils; but this kind letter brings up many pleasant recollections.

A note from Miss MARTINDALE, with photograph enclosed, was very acceptable. She is teaching in Iowa and seems to enjoy it much. From other sources than her letter, we learn that she makes an admirable teacher and is very popular wherever she labors. We are exceedingly glad to hear of her prosperity.

We chanced to meet, a few days since, WILBUR H. KRIDLER and his sister, EMMA. WILBUR spent one and a-half years at Normal, preparing for the duties of the schoolroom, and is teaching near his home in Elkhorn. We trust he will become eminent in the profession he has chosen.

Miss GERTIE LANDON's genial face, too, greeted us. It seems but yesterday that they were here as pupils; but months, even years have glided on since then. New faces have filled the vacant places, but our hearts cling as closely to those we loved and for whom we labored in the past.

We are always glad to hear from our old friends, and it is indeed gratifying to know that each is acting *so well* his part in life.

"On New Year's Eve at the residence of Mr. Snyder, in Prairieville, by Rev. W. A. Lipe, Mr. ARCHIBALD SHAW and Miss KATE HOLBROOK. The parties left immediately for their new home in Kansas. May every good, and no ill befall them."

We heartily echo the good wishes expressed for our friends. How easily mysteries are sometimes solved! How we all wondered why KATE did not return to the Seminary this year! She was a great favorite with all, and won our hearts by her forgetfulness of self in her efforts to make others happy. We remember what a charming visit we had at Prairieville last summer, just after "ARCHIE" returned from Kansas for a short visit at his father's. How blind we were that we did not see! We hope, however, that she will enjoy life in that land, unsurpassed for beauty and healthfulness. But listen to a remark in a sprightly letter received to-day from her: "Never believe the fine tales told of Kansas weather, mild winters, &c. I have seen nothing but mud for three weeks until last night it froze, and the weather is as cold as a little Greenland *ought* to be." KATE, or rather Mrs. SHAW, writes from Olathe, Johnson county, Kansas.

Just as we go to press, WILLIE POLSGROVE calls to bid us "good-bye." He goes with his parents to Fort Scott, Kansas. We are sorry to part with WILLIE, but

hope he may make as many warm friends in his new home as he made while a pupil with us. He evidently does not wish to lose his interest in the Seminary, as he promptly paid for a copy of "The Oread."

TO AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

We are repeatedly placed under obligations to Publishers and Authors for new publications to examine, but till recently have not been so situated as to acknowledge the favor as we could wish. We now have an organ, "The Oread" through which we can not only express our appreciation of favors received, but also give to others the benefit of our examination of different works. Of this we shall avail ourselves, giving such notices as we deem them to merit. In this we shall act *conscientiously*, realizing as we do the responsibility of the position we occupy, not alone as publishers of a public journal, but as an Institution of Learning. Knowing as we do that our decision regarding the merit of any work will have far more weight with a large and influential class of readers, students and Teachers, who are, or have been connected with the Mount Carroll Seminary, than will like decisions from almost any other source.

It is our aim to use the *best* text books extant, and recommend the *best* and most select works for Libraries, (as students and teachers are often soliciting our advice in making their selections.) True we have our *course of study* arranged, and a fixed set of text books for the use of our school, yet we must keep pace with the "improvements of the day," hence we are ever open to conviction and whenever, *upon our own inves-*

tigation, we become convinced of the superior merit of any work, we are ready to give it the precedence in our recommendations, and a sa reference book, at least, in our Library, till a change in class use may be consistently made.

Hence we solicit the continuation of favors from Authors and Publishers, assuring them that every work of true merit received by us, will be so used as to result in a mutual benefit. Please place "The Oread" upon your list and remember us frequently.

Crowd of matter for this number of our paper will prevent our noticing all we could wish, but will make a beginning.

Lee and Shepard have just issued "The Philosophy of Domestic Life", by W. H. Byford, M. D., of Chicago, Ill.

It would be well for us individually and socially, if the principles inculcated in this unassuming little volume, could be disseminated through our land. There would be fewer wayward children, fewer dissipated and ruined young men and women, fewer broken-hearted mothers and disappointed fathers; fewer crafty and dishonest business men, fewer unprincipled legislative, executive and judicial officers,—in short we should be revolutionized.

"The axe is laid at the root of the tree", at the underlying selfishness which sends its poisonous sap through the family into social life and then into the life of the nation.

Let this selfishness be supplanted by that love which christianity teaches, and instead of the discord, jealousies, back-bitings, the social, political and national frauds, we shall have, the happy family, the genial social circle, and the peaceful prosperous nation.

"Oh, that it might be!" we say almost despairingly, thinking of the millennium; and yet this is just what would be, were this "Philosophy" put in practice. To have a book published bearing so directly upon the subject and dealing so candidly with it in all its points, is certainly, a good step forward.

To enumerate its excellencies is unnecessary. All who read it will find what they are.

Let the self-engrossed husband read the chapter on "Ethics of Married Life", and unless he is completely petrified by selfishness, his heart and face and words will be

softened towards one who with meek endurance has borne, or with proud rebellion protested against his cold harshness of manner. He will think twice before he says, "You'd better keep still. What do you know about business?" or makes any other of those remarks which once fell so readily from his manly lips.

Let the over-indulged, the passionate, and the neglectful parent read the chapter on "Family Government." Though it may be too late for the evil results of previous wrong training to be wholly eradicated, yet something may be done in that direction, and there is hope for the future.

The Author's views on the subject of education commend themselves not only to the parent but to the teacher; particularly with reference to the cultivation of all the powers and faculties, instead of confining the work to the intellectual nature, leaving the moral and physical natures to run to waste. Fortunately for the youth some of our educators see the importance of pursuing this plan, and provide means for physical culture, not only by way of gymnastic and calisthenic exercises, but in encouraging and requiring genuine labor; while they adopt such modes of government as discipline the moral powers.

As in everything else, the West is not behind in this reform; and we look forward to the time when strong, active, self-reliant, warm-hearted men and women, shall "rise up and call those blessed" who aided them in attaining so healthful a physical, mental and moral condition.

At just one point we must demur; viz, where the author suggests the propriety of a woman's making known her choice in regard to a husband.

It may be said that prejudice alone makes such a course appear indelicate, but if so, it is a prejudice too deeply rooted in womanly nature to be uprooted by reasoning. This is one of the things for which "providence provides" and which every woman prefers to leave to its care.

However this may be; the book is destined to a great work,—silently, perhaps slowly, but surely. It is *truth*, therefore must prevail.

SUPPLEMENT TO THE JOURNAL OF MATERIA MEDICA.

Published by Tilden & Co., New Lebanon, N. Y.—This book gives a brief, but comprehensive summary of medicinal preparations; with a statement of the USE of each article, the dose, contra-indications, incompatibles, and antidotes. It contains, also, several valuable miscellaneous tables: as, first, A

"Table Exhibiting the Number of Drops of Different Liquids Equivalent to a Fluid Dram; secondly, a Table Exhibiting the Composition of the Principal Natural Mineral Waters of Europe and the United States;" thirdly, A "Table of Dietetic Preparations," &c.

Though the JOURNAL OF MATERIA MEDICA and this SUPPLEMENT are principally designed for physicians and apothecaries they would be no less useful to the wife, sister, mother and nurse, to whom we would especially commend the third table. The health and pleasure seekers at Saratoga and elsewhere would do well to study the second table, which would enable them to drink of the various mineral waters with more intelligent reference to the actual needs of the system.

Tilden & Company have also published a Physician's Diary; convenient in form, neatly and durably bound; and containing the Medicinal Preparations of Tilden & Co., with doses, formulæ for reducing their Fluid Extracts to Tinctures, Syrups, &c.; Tables of Incompatibles, and Poisons and their Antidotes; Marshall Hall's Method in Asphyxia, Thermometry in Diseases, &c.,—giving in a small space much valuable information, aside from its various records, visiting list, diary, and memoranda.

It is altogether the most convenient, comprehensive, and complete of anything of its kind which has come under our observation, and no time-saving, order-loving physician should be without it.

PAINTINGS.

What rare pleasure we receive from the choice engravings and fine chromos of the present day, through which we become acquainted with the best art-talent in the world,

—an acquaintance from which we should be, to a great extent, debarred, were it not for these wonderful duplicates of the great originals!

In the first place there is great pleasure in sitting down at our leisure and looking at the pictures uncritically—looking to be pleased, to have our sense of the beautiful indulged while we drink in their spirit, whether that spirit be the ludicrous, the pathetic, or the humorous; whether the pictures represent nature in its beautiful aspects, or in some homely phase of life; whether they represent the awful in nature, or the terrible in human passions; the sublime in human sacrifice, or the wonderful sublimity of the Divine sacrifice combined with the sweetness, the humility, the pathos, the fearful agony as seen in "Ecce Homo."

Again, there is pleasure in testing these works by the rules of criticism and comparing them with nature, not forgetting to be lenient in our judgment.

These thoughts occur to me as I look over some fine chromos, just received from Prang's, which are a fine addition to the Art Department of our school.

Here is "Morning" after Rosa Bonheur. What a pretty, dewy bit this is! The sun has not yet appeared above the mountains, but its rays are tinting their summits while their slopes are still in the cool gray of the early morning. In the middle distance, are cattle leisurely making their way toward others in the foreground which are just aroused from their fresh, moist beds, and are looking instinctively for the first appearance of the sun, as if to reassure themselves of the dawn of day. The sun spreads a warm, broad light over the pasture and cattle—a light prophetic of a sultry midsummer's day. One al-

most wishes a tree had been thrown in as a refuge for them. However, there is a rapid brook near by suggestive of refreshment.

"Evening," by the same gifted hand, is here with its sky of mingled tints of cadmium, vermilion, and chrome softly blending into the blue gray tints. The shades have already fallen upon the distant mountains at the left. At the right, a resplendent sunset illumines a rich pasture which is depicted with pre-Raphaelite precision.—Here the cattle are composing themselves to rest in harmony with the repose of nature. Some are lying down with eyes half closed sleepily chewing their cud; others, standing, are crushing the tall grass beneath their feet. The cattle in both pictures are remarkably fine, noble looking creatures, and the artist has so seized the life lines that each seems a living creature. In these pictures the laws of principality and continuity are used so skillfully as to seem a part of nature rather than art. Knowing less of this gifted artist, Rosa Bonheur, who, with talent, has combined toil, study, and self-sacrifice to gain such a master hand, I might venture to criticise her works. As it is I can only admire the fairy touch which gives to the toil-worn occupant of the dusty city glimpses of refreshing nature,—that genius which fills our shop windows on the busy street with meadows, brooks, mountains, trees, and accessory animal life.—How many weary souls, pausing a moment to admire, look through nature up to nature's God, the artist can never know; but He, from whom nothing is hidden, seeth all and will not permit such labor to go unrequited.

But I have lingered, already, with these favorites, so I lay them aside and find next "A Bouquet of Flowers." The first near inspec-

tion made them seem rather a flat show of color; but on viewing them at a distance, I find it was painted for effect, and as such is good.—They stand out in bold relief from the back ground which is so well executed that the eye seems to penetrate beyond it. The flowers are so tastefully arranged, exquisitely tinted, and delicately shaded, that it seems as if we need only inhale their perfume to complete the impression of reality, forgetting that the snow covers their place of repose.

Here is another—"A Friend in Need." It represents a pump and a water trough in a shady nook.—A thirsty little girl has her mouth at the spout ready for the drink. The "Friend in Need" is a little boy who has just grasped the handle. It is to be hoped that this little friend has a steady hand or the little head may be deluged, and the dress, too, get a sprinkling. A dog is lapping from the trough from which the water drips until it stands in pools beneath.

A "Piper and a Pair of Nut-crackers" of Landseers, represents two squirrels sitting on the root of a tree industriously cracking nuts; while a robin sitting near entertains them with its song.

"Autumn Fruit," by Fulton,—a glass dish filled with grapes and peaches, and a marble table on which are seen a variety of other fruits. It is a very good study.

"The Frightened Ducklings" is a picture with a grave sky and tall weeds and grasses in the middle distance. The foreground has a pond with sloping banks. A small dog is leaping through the grass in pursuit of the ducklings. The dog is full of roguish animation seeming greatly to enjoy the terror of the little ducks which are tumbling over one another in their haste to reach the pond. One takes shelter under some leaves by the water and is

anxiously looking back at those in danger.

"The Awakening" is three little puppies just awaking and nestling about in their bed of straw. The mice are taking an early breakfast in the scattered straw, while over the group the morning light is breaking.

In conclusion, we are happy to say that, from time to time, other additions are to be made to this department of our Institution.

OUR READING ROOM.

We are under many obligations to old contributors to our Reading Room, and take an early opportunity to thank them for their continued liberality. It may not seem so *early* to our publishing brethren, who have faithfully forwarded us their "latest and best," for the past, one, two, five and some ten years. But we mean *early* in our history as "*Publishers*" of a public journal. We now have an organ, "THE OREAD," through which we can return our thanks and in a measure return the favors of which we have so long been the recipients. True, you have been well, and we believe *successfully*, advertised by your readers here, and widely so, as they have gone to their homes. No doubt, many subscriptions you have received from places remote from Mount Carroll Seminary, have been the result of acquaintance and attachment formed in our Reading Room. But from this time forward, we are not to be content with this method alone of returning favors received. We shall give a liberal space in each number of "THE OREAD" to the periodicals contributed so long and so liberally.

N. B.—The Proprietors of Periodicals who have been addressing, "Students' Reading Room," will hereafter do us a favor to address "THE OREAD," Mount Carroll Seminary, Carroll Co., Ill.

At the last moment before going to press, we receive a letter from St. Louis with LIBBIE LUNT's Wedding Cards enclosed. She will be remembered as a member of the Graduating Class of 1865.

Was she looking forward to this event in her life, when she says in her Poem, published on first page of this number of "THE OREAD,"

"Ah, when
Shall we, as now, meet here again?
Never!"

We can but congratulate Mr. W. A. HALL on his good fortune. Although a stranger to us, we are confident that he possesses the requisites for a good husband or he would never have won LIBBIE for a wife. Solomon says, "Her price is far above rubies." Mr. HALL is, doubtless, a firm believer in Scripture Truth.

A long and happy life to Mr. and Mrs. W. A. HALL.

We hope the readers of "THE OREAD" will be favored with frequent contributions from her ready pen.

ONWARD.

The February number of this large magazine is received. Like its predecessor, its pages are mostly made up by contributions from Mayne Reid, consisting chiefly of attractive and well written tales of Western adventure. Reid is one of the best writers of this kind of fiction in our country. The Magazine is deserving, and will doubtless receive an extensive patronage. Single copy 30 cents. Yearly subscription, \$3. Address MAYNE REID, 33 Union Square, New York.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

TAYLOR'S PATENT BED SPRINGS—the cheapest and best in use. Sent free of freight on receipt of price, Six Dollars. A liberal discount to the trade.

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Surgical and Mechanical Dentist.—Office on Market St., Mount Carroll, Ill., over H. & C. Vandagriff's store. Charges reasonable, and all work warranted. ly

WANTED.

A good Gardener to take charge of the Seminary Grounds, which consist of twenty-five acres, a large part of which is devoted to fruit and vegetable garden. For particulars address the PRINCIPALS at Mount Carroll Seminary, Carroll Co., Ill. 1tf

LIGHT'S PIANO TRIUMPHANT.

Just received the
FIRST PREMIUM
At the Iowa and Illinois State Fairs, in competition with the Most Celebrated Manufacturers.

Have been awarded *Twenty, First Premiums*, together with the Highest Premium at the American World's Fair.

The testimonials are from the highest musical celebrities of Europe and America, such as Thalberg, Vieuxtemps, Strakosch, Eckhard, Satter, Hoffman, Masson, Julien, Etc..

N. B. Pianos sold on time—Payment received in installments. Second hand Pianos received in exchange for new.

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FOR PARLORS, CHURCHES AND LODGES,
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Great Fullness and Completeness of Tone, Expression and Elasticity of Touch.

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HAVE BEEN SOLD THE PAST YEAR!

Just received the FIRST PREMIUM at the Iowa and Michigan State Fairs.

SEVENTEEN (17) FIRST PREMIUMS, were awarded to the American Organs in the month of October, 1865, over all competitors, at different State and County Fairs.

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Good Livers cannot do without these Nationals

Heavy Tin.	Retail, Each.	New style polished Ware	Rich White Metal
1 quart,	\$2 00	Mounting.	
1½ "	2 25	Retail, Each.	
2 "	2 50	1½ quart	\$2 50
3 "	3 00	"	3 00
4 "	3 50	"	3 50
4 " urn faucet	5 50	"	4 00
2 gall. can	8 00	"	7 00
3 "	10 00	"	8 00
5 "	12 00	"	10 00
10 "	15 00	"	12 00

Coffee Pot Stands, 50

Ten to fifty gallon sizes, for Hotels, Railroad Eating Houses, Boarding Houses, and Restaurants, furnished to order.

Liberal discounts to the trade, from whom orders are solicited.

Repeated experiments prove that not less than one-third of the expense of making coffee and tea is saved by using the National Tea and Coffee Pot. Thousands testify that in no other way can such fine flavor be obtained.

For Hotels, Boarding House, Restaurants and Railroad Eating Houses, where about 150 are now in use, the large sizes have proved economical and valuable beyond calculation, and are indispensable. They will keep tea chocolate coffee and hot all day, preserving the same delicious flavor as if drank when first made. Refer to the Tremont House certificates, where a 40 gallon size is used.

CHARLES HITCCOCK,
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Manufacturer and Gen'l Ag't Ill., Ia. & Mo.

THE RIVERSIDE FOR 1869.

This favorite magazine for the young announces the following as among the noticeable features of the coming volume:

1. New Stories, contributed especially to the "Riverside" in advance of their publication in Denmark. By Hans Christian Andersen.

2. A Serial, "White and Red," of thrilling adventure and humorous scenes amongst our Northwest Indians. By Mrs. Weeks, author of "Ainslee."

3. Stories from Spencer and Chaucer. By the author of the popular stories from Shakespeare.

4. Papers on Invention and Art: how statues are made, how telegraphs are worked, how a boy can make photographs, etc., etc.

5. Hunting in South Africa: Streets of Constantinople, American cities, New Orleans, Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, etc., etc.

6. Life on the Prairie. Port Crayon's Young Virginians.

7. Exquisite Fairy Pictures and Poems. Graceful tales by popular writers.

8. Illustrations of the Bible, History, Natural History, Biography, Curiosities, etc.

9. Fun and Frolic in all sorts of forms.

The list of writers for the "Riverside" includes the names of Jacob Abbott, Hans Christian Andersen, Alice and Phoebe Cary, Nellie Eyster, F. R. Goulding, Paul H. Hayne, Horace E. Scudder, Helen C. Weeks, Vieux Moustache, Author of "Susy's Six Birthdays," Author of "Seven Little Sisters," etc.

A full-page Frontispiece and a number of large Illustrations in every number.

A BRILLIANT ILLUMINATED COVER

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.—\$2 50 a year in advance; three copies, \$6 50; five copies, \$10; ten copies, 20 dollars and an extra copy gratis. Price to clergymen and teachers, 2 dollars per annum. Single copies, 25 cents.

A prospectus containing a full account of the plan for the coming volume, rates of clubbing with other magazines, special premiums, etc., will be sent promptly on application to the Publishers.

HURD & Houghton, Publishers,
1m4 459 Broome Street, New York.

PAINTS FOR FARMERS and others.—

The Grafton Mineral Paint Co. are now manufacturing the Best, Cheapest and most Durable Paint in use; two coats well put on, mixed with pure Linseed Oil, will last 10 or 15 years; it is of a light brown or beautiful chocolate color, and can be changed to green, lead, stone, drab, olive or cream, to suit the taste of the consumer. It is valuable for Houses, Barns, Fences, Carriage and Car makers, Pails and Wooden-ware, Agricultural Implements, Canal Boats, Vessels and Ships' Bottoms, Canvas, Metal and Shingle Roofs, [it being fire and water proof.] Floor Oil Cloths, [one Manufacturer having used 5,000 bbls. the past year.] and as a paint for any purpose is unsurpassed for body, durability, elasticity, and adhesiveness. Price \$6 per bbl. of 300 lbs., which will supply a farmer for years to come. Warranted in all cases as above. Send for a circular which gives full particulars. None genuine unless branded in a trade mark, Grafton Mineral Paint. Persons can order the Paint and remit the money on receipt of the goods.

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Are pronounced by distinguished Painters, Poets and Critics, the best that are now made. We challenge the most critical examination of our Chromos in oil, — such as Tait's Groups, Britcher's Landscapes, Lemmon's Poultry Pictures, Correggio's Magdalena, The Flower Boquet, or the Kid's Play-Ground.

Our CHROMOS, after WATER COLORS, are equally artistic. They are—

WOOD MOSSES & FERNS, By Ellen Robinson, \$1.50

BIRD'S NEST & LINCENS, " 1.50

THE BABY; (After Bouguereau.) 3.00

THE SISTERS; " 3.00

THE BULFINCH, By Wm. Cruikshank, 3.00

THE LINNET, " 3.00

[Companion Pictures.]

Of the last pictures, George L. Brown, the celebrated American Artist,—[unrivalled as a colorist and painter of atmospheric efforts,] says:—

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 " Spring Term " " " " opens April 7th, 1869, " " June 10th.

Annual Examination, Commencement Exercises, Students' Re-union and Vacation as follows:

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The Annual Exercises of the "STUDENTS' RE-UNION," June 10th, A. M.

The Annual Commencement Exercises, June 10th, P. M.

Summer Vacation, from June 11th to September 17th.

Winter Vacation, from December 23d to January 4th.

EXPENSES.

To Students attending by the year, boarding, with furnished room, tuition in all branches of the Academic and Collegiate departments, incidentals, fuel, lights and washing with usual limitations, at \$176 per school year. Ornamental branches and languages are the *only extras*. Students attending less than one school year will be charged ten per cent. additional on above rates.

FURNITURE.—Student's rooms are furnished with stove, chairs, study stand, wash-stand, bedstead, mattress, pillows, wash-bowl, pitcher, mirror, and carpet and oil-cloth for floors.

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Use of instrument, one hour per day, " "	8 00
Painting in Oil Colors with use of Patterns, " "	30 00
Mezzotint Crayon, use of patterns and Hair Flowers, " "	24 00
Monochromatic and Drawing, " "	15 00
Vocal Music in Classes, " "	10 00

Latin, per school year, \$8 00

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" " " 2d " " " " "	24 00
" " " 3d " " " " "	28 00
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